

# NETOP

TFHS



OUR COMPLIMENTS

TO

THE SCHOOLS

OF

MONTAGUE

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A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By Ian Hay

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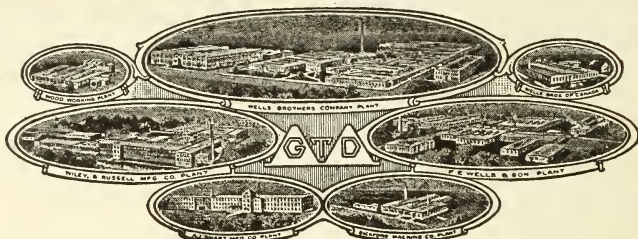
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### A Boomerang.

"Bertie," said his mother, sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another grey hair."

"My word!" replied Bertie; "you must have been a terror. Look at Grandpa!"—Ex.

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George Washington Jackson walked importantly up to the front of the room, lifted the chalk, and wrote, in a bold, scrawling hand:

"De wind blowed so hard dat it blowed out de light."—Ex.

**Preparedness.**—"Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks—sworn off smoking."

"Well, put one in your pocket for tomorrow."—Ex.

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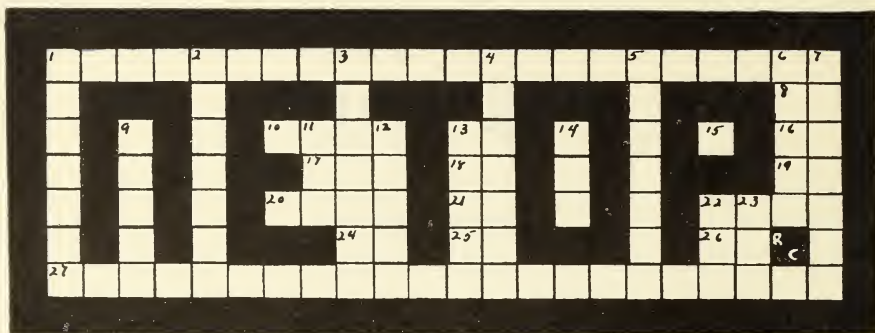
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### HORIZONTAL

1. Local Institution.
8. Initials of a young people's society.
10. To baffle.
13. Reversed abr. of a Southern State
16. An exclamation.
17. Girl's Name.
18. Interjection.
19. Abr. of "respublica".
20. A petty theft.
21. Conjunction.
22. A plan.
24. Latin Adverb.
25. Pers. pronoun.
26. Adverb.
27. A farmer's weekly (The)

### VERTICAL

1. One who keeps time.
2. Deceptive.
3. Residing.
4. Famed.
5. Species of fish.
6. A fine yellow clay.
7. One of cat family.
9. A tapering body.
11. Initials of Oliver Irwin Russell.
12. A mark.
13. Jester.
14. Nickname of 16th pres.
15. Indefinite article.
22. Abr. of "interest".
23. Female deer.

### CROSSWORDS.

(With Apologies to Joyce Kilmer.)

I think that I shall never find  
A stunt as funny as this kind.

A fad which in a few weeks had  
Gone thru the countryside like mad.

A fad which only, Lord knows when,  
Will vanish from the people's ken.

A fad known as the Crossword puzzle  
That leaves the brain in quite a muddle.

That makes us rather wish we knew  
The man we owed this knowledge to.

But, puzzles worked by fools like me  
Cause many sales of the dictionaree'.

J. B. '25

### CROSSWORD PUZZLES

Crossword puzzles are the fad  
They nearly drive me mad,  
Crossword this, crossword that,  
Even to a crossword hat.  
Crossword shoes are the rage  
Advertised on every page.

Dictionaries are selling fast,  
They are being bought at last.  
The radio fans these will please,  
Even though they pest and tease,  
Many are downhearted and sad  
Since crossword puzzles are the fad.

But pupils like to hear the bell,  
For it seems to them to tell  
Of new and mysterious realms,  
Where one can revel  
Since crossword puzzles are the fad.

M. H. '25

## AEROPLANE IN AN ELECTRIC STORM

While visiting on a friend's estate in Virginia I chanced to remark that I would like to ride in an aeroplane. Whereupon he offered to take me up in his plane, the "Eagle," which he had had for several months unknown to me.

So we went up one bright sunny afternoon about four o'clock. We rode about for some time when George suddenly noticed that it was getting very dark. It was then that I began to look about me. It was pitch dark and in the air there was a hot sulphurous feeling. Not a breath of wind stirred and before sunset a heavy bank of red-rimmed clouds had loomed up in the southwest.

"Something is coming," remarked George, and with one eye on the map and the other on the compass, he steered the "Eagle" steadily through the omnious darkness. As he spoke a long tongue of livid blue lightning flickered across the sky.

As we tore along, the engine chugging steadily in a whining purr, the flashes grew more and more frequent and they were accompanied by terrific peals of thunder, that seemed to shake the whole plane.

"It's an electric storm and a bad one, too," exclaimed George, as a hissing bolt of lightning tore across the sky and struck the earth with a terrific report. So filled with electricity was the air that after a particularly vivid flash the metal portions of the "Eagle" were outlined in fire. This added a new terror to our position. What if the engine short-circuited?

Almost as this flashed through my mind the ship was enveloped in a perfect sheet of fire. We could hear the hiss of the electricity as it ran along the wires and we realized that it must have short-circuited something. With a sigh of relief, however, we noticed that the engine was still running. However, when George turned to look at the compass he could not see it and he realized that the dynamo had been short-circuited and he could not direct our course.

"What on earth are we going to do?" I gasped.

"Keep right on till we drop, or the storm lets up," grimly replied George. He was right. To keep on was all we could do. Without ever a star to guide us and a wind springing up, surrounded by electricity, that was a terrible menace we had no alternative.

After a time I leaned forward and shouted into George's ear. "Where are we now?"

"Driving due East, I should judge."

"Can we possibly make a landing?"

He shook his head and replied, "Not in this. All we can do is keep driving on."

On and on drove the plunging ship and still the short circuiting of the engine had not occurred. Could it be that we were going to weather it after all? Wild as the thought was it put new heart into us. By the illumination of the lightning, I could see that we were still driving over the tree tops. We were then still over land.

"Hark," cried George suddenly, as there came a lull in the storm, "what is that?"

Below us we could both hear a long, booming sound.

"Its the surf breaking on the beach!" groaned George, "only Providence can save us now."

How much longer we drove on above the sea we had no means of reckoning. Our only hope was in daylight when there was a chance that some ship might see us and pick us up. George sat grimly at the wheel, keeping the creaking ship dead before the wind which had by now increased.

Suddenly, while an unusually prolonged and vivid flash enveloped the "Eagle" and showed a wild sea leaping below us, George gave a loud shout.

"Frank, Frank," he yelled, "look there!"

He pointed a little to one side of the craft but by the time I had turned my head the flash had died out and I could see nothing.

"It was a steamer and she'll pass

right under us," roared George. "Send out a wireless call."

I leaped to the sending apparatus of the wireless. The steamer was nearer by this time. I could in fact see her lights. She was a small vessel and it was one chance in a hundred that she carried a wireless. With a fervent prayer I sent the spark flashing and leaping across the gap. Dot-dot-dot! Dot-dot! Dot-dot-dot!

It was the universal signal of desperate need that my trembling fingers spelled out. S. O. S! Our one chance lay in securing the attention of the craft below us.

There came a blinding flash of lightning. In its radiance we could see the deck of the steamer as if by the light of day. Evidently they had seen us or heard the wireless for men were running about the deck and some sailors were casting loose a boat and pointing up toward us.

With the next flash came a loud crack and one of the rudder wires

snapped. The "Eagle" without her rudder controls keeled over drunkenly and the next minute I felt myself dropping through what seemed endless space down to the roaring sea. The next moment the water slowly closed above my head and I began fighting desperately to regain the surface. At last I succeeded and climbed upon the half submerged airplane.

Almost immediately I heard my name called right behind me and George climbed up beside me, and we both began to shout.

Our shouts were not needed, however, for a long shaft of light shot out from the vessel which, after sweeping about a few times finally came to rest on us.

Fifteen minutes later we were on board the American destroyer, "California," getting into some dry clothes.

Thus ended my first and last airplane ride.

M. A.

## THE OLD SAILOR'S TALE

We were sitting near an open fire place telling tales. Every one had told a tale except one old man who was bent with age. His youthful brightness had long been displaced by deep and numerous wrinkles. He sat with his cane across his legs while his deep eyes seemed to search the flames which leaped upward before him for some adventure of the past.

At last he spoke.

"It happened down in the tropics on a hot, calm day. I was piloting the 'Mary Ann,' as we called our ship. She had been pronounced seaworthy before we left Boston but I doubt if she would have survived fifteen minutes if a tropical storm had hit us.

"As I said before it was very hot and not a breath of air stirred the canvas which was patched like an old quilt. The air was so close that we could hardly breathe. The captain, who did not like the kind of weather we were having, told me to report to him if any dark clouds appeared on the horizon.

"It was not long before they began to appear. They loomed up in front of us like huge mountains. I informed the captain and he ordered every man to his place.

"It was not long before the storm was upon us like a lion. First came the wind with all its fury, followed soon after by a downpour of rain.

"The waves which seemed to overwhelm us became higher every minute. The ship was tossed about like a toothpick. All at once we seemed to run right into a wave. I heard a crash and the next thing I knew I was picked up by a wave which whirled me over the side of the boat.

"Fortunately the wave took the top of the captain's cabin, also, which I managed to crawl on to. The ship could not be seen, and to this day I do not know what happened to her.

"For three days and three nights I floated aimlessly about without food or drink. On the fourth day the sailing ship 'Sally,' bound for Boston, picked me up."

H. L.



## SUPERSTITION

Estelle Waters. A. B., sitting in the country station, awaiting her train, reviewed in her mind, the events of the past few days. First, a telegram, telling of the death of her godfather, then another telegram telling that she had been the sole heir and then a letter, from her godfather's lawyer, a Hiriam Jones, requesting that she meet him in the city to settle the affairs of the deceased.

Estelle had had quite a time in getting to the station. First, the puppy had hidden her shoe, then her landlady had been slow in getting her breakfast and then to clap the climax it had started to pour just as she was leaving the house. She was only half put together and when she had finally arrived at the station she found that she had ten minutes in which to primp. She had taken out her compact and was powdering her pretty face when a train pulled into the station. She had jumped up and in her haste had dropped her compact and had broken the mirror. Seven years bad luck! She had gone to the door and found that it was not her train. Returning to her seat she had glanced up and had seen the calendar. Friday, the thirteenth! Now, she sat in the station bemoaning all the bad luck she had had and thinking of all which was to come. Finally the train pulled in and Estelle went aboard. It was the early morning train on which many commuters rode and she found it crowded. There was only one seat to be had and that was beside a tall, dark, good looking man. She took it. She noticed all the things in the car, the women's hats and dresses and how nice the menfolk looked. Then she turned her attention to the landscape and was dreaming pleasantly when a booming voice cried, "Tickets please."

Estelle put her hand in her pocket for her purse, confidently. It was not there! Then an amazingly true fact flashed through her mind. She had left it at home on the mantel.

"I'm afraid I haven't any. I left

my purse at home," she ventured meekly.

"Then you'll have to get off, miss," said the conductor gruffly.

"Just a minute," interposed the young man, "Perhaps the young lady will allow me to buy her her ticket?"

"Oh! No!"

"Well, consider it a loan and you can pay me some other time."

"That will be alright. Thank you so much."

They had started to talk. He said he was going to the city on business. "Very tiresome business," he called it. He had to settle some affairs with some cranky, elderly person who had been left some money.

Estelle in turn was equally confidential and told him that she had been left some money and was going to the city to meet an ancient, crabby lawyer who had the most "atrocious" name. Just think of it! Hiriam Jones! Wasn't that perfectly terrible? He agreed very readily that it was.

Estelle never thought until they had parted that she had forgotten to get his address that she might pay him. However, she thought, he probably rides on this train every morning so I'll have a chance to pay him. She made her way to the office of Hiriam Jones, attorney at law, and asked if he were in. The office boy answered in the affirmative and she was showed into the private office. Hiriam Jones was sitting with his back toward the door but upon her entrance he wheeled around with a wide smile on his face. Estelle stopped aghast. Hiriam Jones! Why it was the man who had loaned her the money! She had made fun of his name! Heavens she thought to herself, "I never did believe in superstitions until today but this is surely the result of my breaking that mirror on Friday, the thirteenth."

After they had both had a good laugh and had settled the business questions they began to talk about themselves and to become really acquainted and Estelle decided that she would break a few more mirrors.

R. L. '25.





## AN INDIAN SEGEND

On a hillside sat a maiden,  
 Sat a sad-eyed Indian maiden  
 Supple of body as a deer,  
 Her hair like rippling water,  
 Warmed was she by golden sunbeams,  
 Warmed by all the friendly sun-  
   beams;  
 And her drooping lips were wind-  
   kissed  
 By caresses of the West-Wind;  
 Softly sang the bird Owaissa,  
 Sweetest of the springtime warblers.

But these the maiden did not see,  
 Did not feel the gentle breezes,  
 Felt she not the friendly sunbeams,  
 Did not hear the sound of singing.  
 She only saw a bursting vision,  
 Felt the pain within her bosom.  
 She thought with grief upon the  
   future  
 And the sorrow it would bring her.  
 For upon her heart there rested  
 The decision of her father,  
 Of the chief, her aged father,  
 How he planned for her to marry  
 With Weetonka, the great warrior,  
 Great in war, but not in kindness,  
 Great in fame, but not in goodness;  
 Long the two had talked together,  
 Chief and warrior talked together.

Then the chieftain called his daugh-  
 His lovely child, his only daughter.  
 Told her that upon the morrow  
 She must wed the famous warrior,  
 She must smile upon the lover,  
 She must give him words of greet-  
   ing.  
 But her looks were ones of sadness  
 And of sadness were her words.  
 Long and bitter was her pleading,  
 Mournful were her words of plead-  
   ing.  
 But her father soon rebuked her  
 With his stern words he rebuked her:  
 "This is only foolish prating,  
 This is only childish rating.  
 Now you have become a woman,  
 And your place is by the fireside,  
 By the fireside in a wigwam,  
 In the wigwam of your husband.  
 There has come to me this warrior,  
 This leader of a hundred battles,  
 He desires thy hand in marriage,  
 Thou the daughter of a chieftain,  
 What could be more perfect union?  
 Do not further doubt my wisdom."

Long that night did sleep elude her  
 Ere the maiden closed her eye-lids,  
 Ere she closed her heavy eye-lids  
 To a happy sleep of dreams.  
 To a sleep of pleasant visions,  
 Joyous, gladsome, happy visions,  
 Where a brave youth came to save  
   her

And a good youth came to woo her,  
 Till her breast was filled with pas-  
   sion  
 Till she yielded to his pleading.

But next morning when she awakened  
 Wakened too were all her troubles,  
 All her fears came thronging to her,  
 Bringing grief and sorrow to her.  
 Thus she saw the bursting vision,  
 Felt the pain within her bosom.  
 Then she sought the distant hillside,  
 Sought she far the distant hillside,  
 And gave way to lamentation,  
 On the distant, lonely hillside.

Then behind her from the forest,  
 Came a youth from out the forest,  
 Step as light as of the panther,  
 Graceful as the tall young birch-  
   tree.

Long he gazed upon the maiden,  
 Gazed upon the sad-eyed maiden,  
 Till at last he dared address her  
 With his soft words filled with pas-  
   sion,

With the passion of his longing.  
 Long he spoke in gentle murmurs  
 In a tone of deep affection,  
 Till he drove away her sorrow  
 Ended all her pain and sadness.  
 Trustfully she gazed upon him,  
 Happily she looked upon him.  
 Then she told him her affliction,  
 And the cause of her misfortune,  
 Told him of the coming nuptial  
 And the grief this day would bring  
   her.

Told him of her stern old father,  
 How she dared not disobey him,  
 Dared not disobey her father.

Gently then the stranger answered,  
 "Oh sweet maiden, my beloved,  
 Think not on these thoughts of sad-  
   ness,  
 Think alone on thoughts of gladness.  
 Far away o'er distant mountains,  
 Far away toward rising sun,  
 Is a land of brave young warriors,  
 Is a land of lovely maidens.

I am chieftain of these people,  
 I am ruler of this nation.  
 There I dwell in lonely wigwam,  
 Sit alone in cheerless wigwam.  
 Then in dreams there came a vision,  
 Came a vision of a maiden,  
 Of a maiden sad and lonely,  
 Of a tall and slender woman  
 With the beauty of the wild-flower,  
 Of the flower that blooms in forest.  
 Then I arose and followed far,  
 Followed far the sweet-faced vision,  
 In the day beneath the sunlight,  
 In the night beneath the starlight,

Till I came to distant mountain,  
 Till I found the maiden waiting,  
 Found her waiting for my coming."

So at last, all else forgotten,  
 Hand in hand they journeyed homeward.

To a land of many people,  
 To a land of happy people,  
 Where for long they lived together,  
 Where in joy they dwelled together  
 With the love-song on their lips  
 And the lovelight in their eyes.

R. E. C

## THE FALSE ALARM

The United States training ship, "Jamestown," a square rigged ship of the old type, was now in her home port from a six months' cruise among the islands of the South Pacific. Three hundred boys, from twelve to eighteen, formed the crew together with twenty-five regularly commissioned naval officers; and all were strictly under naval rules and regulations.

Seven bells had just struck. The watch was on deck and in half an hour would be relieved. This half hour, in fair weather, was used as a visiting period. Reclining on the deck, and well up under the lee of the boat, three boys were talking in low tones. Bill Thomas, the oldest, having made two cruises before, was looked upon with respect by his companions, Ben Chisson and Jim Chambers, both new boys.

"What are you afraid of?" Bill was saying., "It's just a lark, you know."

"I can't say I like it," objected Ben. "Looks like it's inviting trouble."

"Trouble? Gracious, but you fellows make me tired," sputtered Bill with disgust. "Invite trouble, that's a good one. Why you can't walk from the main mast to the forecandle without breaking half of the rules and bending the other half. Now listen, —it's just as easy."

"Yes," still objected Ben. "Sounds easy enough, but where's Lieutenant Holmes all this time?"

"Why, stupid, he's on land. And look at the night. It's a dandy. The old ship will be rolling to beat

the band. The roar of the wind and the swish will drown every other noise. And Lieut. Holmes won't be back until morning."

As Bill had declared, the night was one suited for such an adventure. The waves in the bay were lashing against the ship. Suddenly one bell sent out its musical clang. The officer on watch below began to mount the ladder and his foot was hardly on the lower step before Jim was on deck. With trembling fingers he laid the cord along the deck and fastened it to the bell. A few seconds later he was back in his own hammock, pretending to be asleep.

Then the startling clang of the fire bell rang throughout the ship. From the deck above came rapid orders, the quick beat of a drum followed by the sharp whistle of the boatswain calling all hands to fight the fire. In ten seconds the whole ship's crew were roused from deep slumber. Crews got out the pumps and fire hose from several reels and stretched it along the decks. Long lines of boys stood at their stations awaiting the command of their superior officers while these with keen anxiety waited for the report of the location of the fire.

The report soon came: "A false alarm." The faces of the officers were stern and serious while the boys, seeing there was no danger went back to their hammocks, while they muttered complaints and accusations.

"I'd just like to know the fellow who did that," or "We'll fix him," grumbled some of them. "Wait un-



til Lieut. Holmes comes back and he'll catch him."

And that is just what did happen. An investigation was made. The boys who were guilty could not be found. Ben did not like the idea of making others suffer for things which he had done. He went to Lieut. Holmes and said, "Mr. Holmes, sir, I want to own up. It was I who rang the bell."

"It was you? and why?"

"Well, you see, sir, I thought it would be fun to turn out all the hands."

"Oh, you did? Enjoyed it, eh?"

"Well! no, sir, I'm sorry I did it. I never dreamed it was so serious."

"Why did you not own up sooner and save others from being punished, also?"

Ben was taken by surprise, but he blurted out, "I was taken so by surprise I didn't know what to do!"

Just then another boy came up. "I, too, am guilty, sir. I fastened the string to the bell." This was Jim.

"You did?" exclaimed the officer, looking up in surprise.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Holmes, I'm the one who planned the whole thing. The others wouldn't have thought of it and besides they're new here, and I am old. I urged them against their will and I, too, pulled the cord that rang the bell."

"How many more in this?" demanded the officer.

"No one. I did the whole thing just for a lark," answered Bill.

"Why didn't you tell me all this?" he asked of Ben.

"I wasn't confessing for them," the boy calmly answered.

The anger died out of the officer's face. "I must say you boys have acted most honorably in this. I planned to handle this with the utmost severity, but I want to tell you boys that an honorable act on the part of any one on this ship will not be overlooked. I will lessen the punishment to the cutting down of your shore leave for a short time. You may go, now." D. R. '26

## AN EARLY MORNING PROWLER

To pass through that room without arousing the sleeping household was seemingly impossible, but it was his only chance and he resolved to try. He stopped quickly and removed his shoes, carrying them in his hands. He carefully stepped over the dish of milk which the cat had neglected and stopped at the foot of the bed. Here he paused and gazed thoughtfully at the sleeping occupants. He almost stumbled over the heavy rug but caught himself and prevented a catastrophe. Then he moved slowly towards the window. Here he paused once more and, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, he mopped the perspiration from his brow. Then he began working feverishly with the window fastenings. He thought to himself that he would never succeed in opening that window. He glanced at the bedroom clock and saw that it was three o'clock. Finally he managed to unfasten the window. He raised it slowly and cautiously with many a furtive glance at the sleepers. At last, the window was up.

He raised his leg over the sill and dropped lightly to the ground. Johnny was off to see the circus trains come in!

M. L. '26

## THE MOON.

Oh! moon in your shimmering garments,

Oh! moon with your soft pale light,  
How brilliantly you light the firmament

On a crisp bright winter's night!

Oh! moon with your face a' gleaming

Life ought not be dull, for you  
Cause young folks and old go a'skating

When you give to them the cue.

Oh! moon when I look at your beauty,

At your glimmering shades and hues,  
I think of your Creator  
And give thanks, oh Lord! to you.

R. L. '25.

## WHY NOT?

"Wanted: A girl to work as bookkeeper at the Guilden & Stearns Shipping Co. Good references required. Apply personally or write Mr. J. B. Stearns, 217 Brooks street."

Up I started in my chair. "My goodness this is just the position I'm looking for and I'll have time to apply for it now for it is only five o'clock."

Mr. Stearns lived only a few blocks away and I walked very swiftly. His home was a very beautiful one situated in the residential section of the city. I rang the front door bell. "I wonder what will be the best way to start. In answer to your advertisement—" The door flew open and I was pulled into the hall through the dining room and into the kitchen.

"It's about time you were here," a tall dark young man was saying to me. Dinner for five at eight and it's almost six now. "Oh, where's the lettuce? I'll go after it," and he rushed out of the room. In a sort of daze I sat in a chair. "Who in the world does he think I am? I'll tell him!" I rose to my full height, which is quite high, and prepared to tell him that I was no servant of his.

In he flew with an armful of groceries and dropped them on the already littered table. "I believe you are Mr. Stearns," I began.

"I am, and you haven't even taken off your hat. Now let's see! This is to be boiled, and that broiled, and I guess I'll set the table for you," and off he rushed again.

How was I going to talk to a man like that. He was very disturbed about some guests and a dinner at eight. Well I might as well make myself useful. I couldn't speak a word. I realized that he was very

busy and that he expected me to be a cook. Why not?

I hung my hat on a hook and enveloped myself in a much too large apron. Potatoes were put on to boil and I started to clean the lettuce. "Oh say, let me do that and you prepare the meat. I don't know much about meat." Without a word I dropped the lettuce and grabbed the steak.

"Say, you'll have time to make biscuits won't you?" and without waiting for a reply, he decided that they would have biscuits for dinner.

Finally a salad was prepared and everything ready. The guests arrived and were seated about the table. I peeked into the dining room. The look of embarrassment on the host's face! "What could be the matter? Oh I know, he forgot all about the waitress." I slipped out of my apron and played the role. Mr. Stearns gave me a very appreciative smile which was almost a grin.

Back in the kitchen once more I started to wash the cooking dishes. When the guests left at nine for the club the host came into the kitchen. "You were great," he said. "I appreciate what you have done very much and I hope you will stay. My mother will be home at ten."

"I thank you kindly Mr. Stearns," I said, "but cooking isn't just my line of work. You see I came to apply for a position as a bookkeeper in your office."

"What?" and then he laughed as if his sides would break.

"It isn't quite so funny to me," I said.

"I can realize that now and I will be glad to see you at the office in the morning."

After I had thanked him, he refused to let me finish the work but insisted that he would take me home in his car. R. L. '26

### Quite Proper.

A Senior stood on the railroad track;  
The train flying past,  
The train got off the railroad track  
And let the Senior pass.

### Heard in Junior History Class.

Mr. Lorden: "What school did Napoleon attend?"

Intelligent Junior: "He studied at West Point."



## IF.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

If you can study in detention,  
Instead of trying to attract others'  
attention;

If you can do your English assign-  
ment,  
Instead of being on some deviltry  
bent;

If you can fill the unforgiving hour  
and forty minutes,  
With one minute of minding your  
own affairs,  
And not be looking at others and  
minding theirs;

If you can have your parents sign  
your detentions,  
And not be slipping by under false  
pretensions:

If neither rules nor regulations trou-  
ble you,  
And you can study and be happy too;

If you can work a cross word puzzle,  
And take it calm and cool without a  
hustle;

If you can eat your luncheon in the  
room,  
Without making work for the jani-  
tor's broom;

Your pleasures await you, for your  
work is done,  
And—what is more—, you'll be a  
man, my son.

F. M. C. '26

## THE STORM.

Low, scudding clouds the sky o'er-  
spread,  
As hast'ning on they flew.  
Dim rumblings sounded overhead,  
And wildly the wind blew.

Flashes of lightning streaked the sky  
To illuminate the spot.  
A lone eagle soared on high,  
In the heavens a mere dot.

Then the rain in torrents came  
To quench the thirsting earth,  
And people praised the good Lord's  
name  
For warding off the dearth.

J. C. '25

## THE GAME.

It was an April afternoon,  
The sky was dull and gray,  
The Turners' Team were dressed in  
blue,  
All set to win the day.

The Granville Team were on the  
field,  
Eager to start the game,  
And as their captain went to bat,  
The air rang with his name.

The afternoon was nearly spent,  
The game was not yet won,  
Granville had a score of two  
While Turners had but one.

It was the last half of the ninth,  
With three men on the sacks.  
The fans were all upon their toes  
Or upon each other's backs.

The Turners' man went to bat,  
He hit the first ball pitched.  
It sailed beyond the centerfield  
And landed in a ditch.

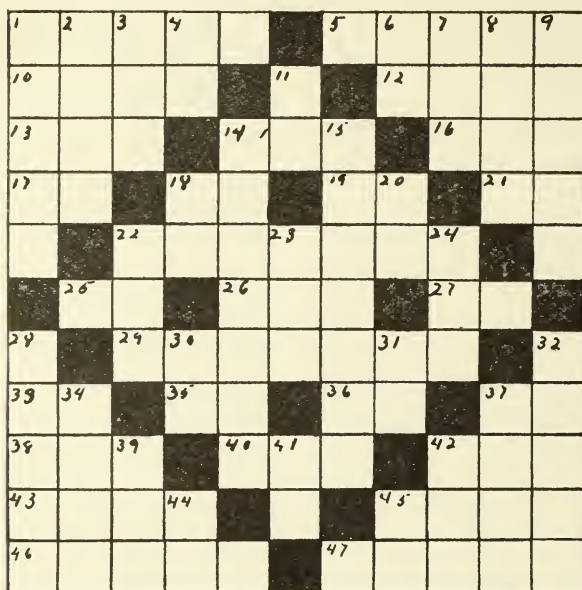
The din was heard for many miles,  
The Turners' Team had won.  
The Granville Team went sadly  
home,  
The place from whence they'd come.  
R. O'K. '25

Ne'er before have you been seen  
Infant dear, from out a dream;  
Ne'er before such welcome promise  
Each year has shower'd upon us;  
To you all worldly eyes are turned  
Expecting prosperity to return;  
Even nature in thanksgiving  
Now her solemn mood is leaving.

Time familiar to us mortals  
Will soon send you from his portals;  
Eagerly this sphere awaits you  
Noble crier of the new;  
Twelve o'clock and all's well  
You are heralded by the bells.

Fivefold blessings on thee, cherub,  
In the meshes of your web;  
Varied the gifts at your disposal  
Emerging as from an olden fable.  
K. R. '25

Man (in barber-chair)—Be careful  
not to cut my hair too short—people  
will take me for my wife!—Ex.

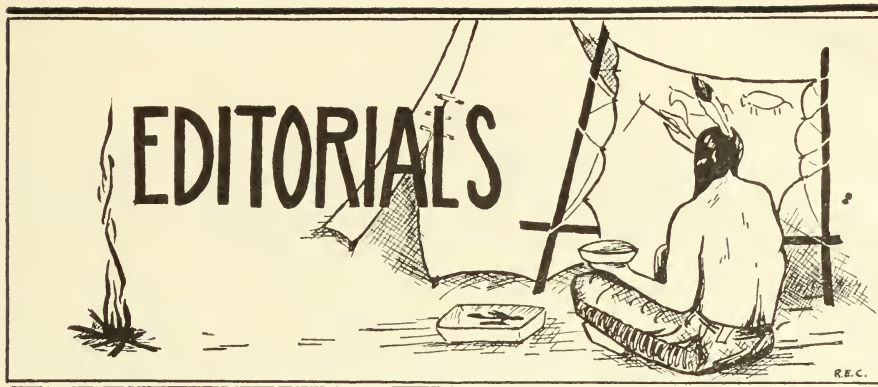


## HORIZONTAL

1. An imaginary place in which the action of a play is supposed to take place.
5. A language said to be "dead."
10. One of two or more making up a group.
12. Comparative of some.
13. Defendant (abbr.)
14. Bachelor of Philosophy (abbr.)
16. A Russian community.
17. The first diphthong, sounding like i.
18. French for "the" masculine sing.
19. Abbr. for a common means of transportation.
21. Your Holiness (abbr.)
22. Openings in the wall to let in light or air.
25. Short for hobo.
26. Moisture deposited by the condensation of the atmosphere.
27. A exclamation of surprise.
29. Well versed in literature, sciences or arts.
33. Errors excepted (abbr.)
35. Royal Navy (abbr.)
36. French or Latin for "and."
37. You.
38. Belonging to something.
40. Boy's nickname for Theodore.
42. A kind of tree always green.
43. Pluck, courage.
45. Prefix to word meaning ten of something.
46. High school paper we should be proud of.
47. Faithful.

## VERTICAL

1. A closed, four or more, passengers car.
2. A quick-lunch stand.
3. And so forth.
4. Abbr. for a state just north of Mass.
6. Part of verb "to be."
7. Boy's name.
8. A flower, sometimes called Fleur-de-lis.
9. The paths from the senses to the brain.
11. An exclamation of surprise (not the same as 25 Hor.)
14. A locket.
15. Turned to dark color.
18. Symbol for Lithium.
20. Right Worthy (abbr.)
22. Obsolete form of will.
23. Derived (abbr.)
24. Not happy.
28. To rule.
30. Symbol for Erbium.
31. Latin or French for and.
32. Danger.
33. French for "to be."
34. French form of verb "to be".
37. A natural mineral like glass.
39. To repose on a seat.
41. Common ending for plural of nouns.
42. Doomed, fated, (colloquial).
44. Toward.
45. Note of scale.



First, "Netop" wishes to thank its subscribers for their subscriptions of the previous issue and also hopes that they have one of this issue. If they have not, it wishes to remind them that there are two more issues which it hopes will be entirely sold. "Netop" also wishes to thank those who write for it, and those who have so willingly typed its stories.

Seniors, 1925 has arrived and that is the year we graduate. Let's remember and let us help finish our four years here with a record we can rightly be proud of. Also if we are asked to help by getting our pictures taken early, let's do it.

We all know that a school is like any other group of people; communities, cities, or states. It has to have laws so that things may move in harmony, if it didn't we would all be in a state of Bolshevism. We have rules, and if we are loyal we will obey them. Our loyalty to our school is really what keeps it going. We all want to have

our classes noted for their spirit. We can obey the laws of the school, join in the student activities and support our Athletics. Then Turners Falls High School would be known even more than it is now.

We have started a basketball team now and of course they want support especially from us, so let's go everytime. They are giving us their best, let us give them our best cheering and backing.

Since you all seem to like crossword puzzles, "Netop" is trying to give you what you want. It hopes you will be able to solve them, although there are a few words, that may cause you trouble. "Netop" is not giving directions as to how to solve them for it thinks it would be a waste of time and space; now that they are so widely known. The puzzles will be printed, solved in the next issue, or if you positively cannot wait until then the editor will post a solution on the bulletin board in Room 6.

### PEACE.

The candles of Heaven are lighted,  
Soft twilight fills the air,  
And there's a stirring in my garden,  
I wonder who is there  
Among the beautiful roses  
That in its precincts dwell?  
It may be but a night-bird  
Or a fairy. Who can tell?

The lights of Heaven twinkle,  
A thrush's song is heard  
Across an expanse of woodland,  
List to the song of the bird!  
Notes of melodious music,  
A wild harmonious strain,  
One rapturous burst—then silence  
And the moonlight floods the plain.

D. B. '25

### TURNERS' HIGH.

Turners Falls High School stands  
for the right,  
You find it wherever you go,  
Round the world rings that wonderful name,  
Never shall it be surpassed;  
Even to the end shall its glory last;  
Rise and hold your banner to the sky,  
Students of Turners Falls High.

Honor and serve, will be our motto,  
In the day to come as of yore;  
Give your all for the school we love,  
High and mighty shall our banner soar.

F. A. K. '25

## SCHOOL NOTES

A social given by the Sophomore class was held Friday evening, January 16, 1925, in the High school. The hall was tastefully decorated to represent a winter scene. Snowshoes and skis adorned the snow hill on the stage. Two toboggans rested in front of the stage. Winter sketches by Milton Strehle hung in each window. Paper icicles hung around the walls and over the doors. Through the spruce trees on the stage, a moon could be seen. There was an attendance of about two hundred and twenty-five. The Colonial orchestra of four pieces furnished the music.

The following were in the receiving line: Mr. Rollins, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Kevlin, the class president, Joseph Szwiec, and the secretary, Margaret Beauregard.

The decoration committee was: Kenneth White, Robert Jillson, Theodore Martineau, Milton Strehle, Jacob Stotz, Thomas Grogan, and several others.

The head usher was Theodore Martineau, who was aided by: Arthur Pierce, Robert Shea, Kenneth White, Anna Vlachish, Chester Porter and William Provost.

The refreshment committee consisted of the following: Helen Shulda, Gladys Royer, Nellie Jason, Grace Wheeler, Margaret Beauregard, Clarice Moltenbrey and Madeline McGillicuddy.

The class wishes to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Vigue for the suggestions and the strenuous hours he contributed to help decorate the hall for this social.

On December 5, 1924 a Minstrel Show was given at the Hibernian hall under the auspices of the letter men of our school. It was directed by Miss Ayer, to whom we cannot give too much credit for the many hours of patient work which she put into it, and the responsibilities that she willingly shouldered. The play was very successful both financially and in pleasing the public. It was ably supported by the student body and the faculty who helped in numerous

ways. A hundred and seventeen dollars was made. This money was turned over to our coach, Mr. Lorden, to be used by him in spring to equip a Baseball Team.

The following boys were in the Minstrel Cast:

Endmen—Joseph Welcome, '26; Edward Crean, '25; Milton Strehle, '27; Charles Kallins, '28; Robert Shea, '27; Erwin Haigis, '27.

Interlocutor—Fred Cassidy, '26.

Chorus—Reginald White, '25; Francis Kelleher, '25; John Prohovich, '25; John Baxa, '25; Roland O'Keefe, '25; James Kelley, '25; Theodore Martineau, '27; Joseph Szwiec, '27; Kenneth White, '27; Edward Prondecki, '27; John Horrigan, '26; Walter Waraska, '26.

As a curtain raiser the entire company sang a few strands of "Old Black Joe." Following that they sang "How Do You Do Radio Fans, How Do You Do?" as a song of greeting.

Joseph Welcome started the endmen's action with a very catchy song entitled, "I Want to See My Tennessee." The following is a list of the endmen songs:

I Want To See My Tennessee, . . . . . Joseph Welcome  
Blackin Blues . . . . . Erwin Haigis  
Angel Cake . . . . . Francis Kelleher  
John Baxa, Edward Crean, Robert Shea.

Georgia Lullaby . . . . . Robert Shea  
Theodore Martineau  
Travelling Blues . . . . . Edward Crean  
John Horrigan

Paradise Alley . . . . . Francis Kelleher  
Song Birds In Georgia, . . . .

Theodore Martineau  
The Dark-town Strutter's Ball  
Kallins, Strehle, Crean, Shea,  
Haigis, Welcome.

### Finale

The following boys were in the Play Cast:—Edward Crean, Reginald White, Roland O'Keefe, Walter Waraska, Erwin Haigis, Charles Kallins, Joseph Szwiec, Robert Shea.



# ATHLETICS

## T. F. H. S. 47, ALUMNI 26.

On January 15, in the Hibernian Hall the High School opened its Basket Ball season with a win over the Alumni. The game was fast and the ex-school boys could not cope with the younger lads. The shooting of Szwiec and the floor work of Capt. Shea proved to be the features of the game. Jack Casey was the star for the Alumni. In the preliminary the K. K. Juniors defeated the High School second team in a three minute over time period by the score of 18 to 14. Summary:

Player.	Position.	G.	F.	T.
Escott	R. F.	1	0	2
Martineau	R. F.	5	1	11
Szwiec	L. F.	10	5	25
Lawrence	C.	1	2	4
Shea (Capt.)	L. G.	2	1	5
Stotz	E. G.	0	0	0
Kelleher	R. G.	0	0	0
		19	10	47

### Alumni

Player.	Position.	G.	F.	T.
W. Casey	R. G.	1	0	2
P. Casey	L. G.	0	1	1
R. Casey	C.	3	1	7
Laskoskie	R. F.	3	0	6
J. Casey	L. F.	5	0	10
R. Kells	R. G.	0	0	0
Woods	L. G.	0	0	0
		12	2	26

Score at half time, T. F. H. S., 27; Alumni, 18. Referee, Shea. Timer, Rollins. Scorer, Burke. Ten minute periods.

After three years' absence from the basketball court, Turners Falls High will be represented by a quintet this year. Coach Lorden has been at work since December 8 with a squad of 15 players. The lapse of so many years was due to the fact that Turners Falls had no place to practice in, but this year through the courtesy of Mr. Shea the Hibernian Hall has been opened to the school for three afternoons each week.

Coach Lorden does not expect to turn out a championship team as the material he has is very light and the squad will be composed mostly of sophomores. The candidates out for the team are Kelleher, Shea, Martineau, Szwiec, Stotz, Thomas, Lapean, Lonergan, Haigis and Hughes. There are also several other promising looking candidates.

Manager Merrill Pierce has not filled up all the open dates and the schedule thus far is:—

Teams	Place	Time
Alumni	T. F.	Jan. 15
Powers Institute	T. F.	Jan. 19
So. Deerfield	So. Deerfield	Jan. 21
So. Deerfield	T. F.	Jan. 28
M. A.C. 2nd yr.	Amherst	Jan. 30
Greenfield	Greenfield	Feb. 3
Arms Academy	T. F.	Feb. 4
Athol	T. F.	Feb. 18
Greenfield	T. F.	Mar. 10
Arms Academy	Shelburne	Mar. 17



# JOKES <sup>AND</sup> JESTS



A foreigner who wanted to become a citizen of the United States was asked to fill out this blank.

Name?

Born?

Business?

This is how he filled it out:

Name—"Joseph Linsky."

Born—"Yes."

Business—"Rotten."

## Quite a Loud Speaker.

The first radio was made by Adam for he made a loud speaker out of a spare part.

Mr. Burke: "What are the 3 classes of levers?"

G. E. "First, second, third."

Mr. Burke: "What is sugar, a solid or a liquid or a gas?"

S. Dzeima: "A solid liquid."

## Lots of Weather.

"I want to do some Christmas shopping today, dear," said a fond wife, "that is if the weather is favorable. What is the forecast?"

At the other end of the table her husband consulting the paper read aloud: "Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and floods."

Mr. Burke to Miss Ayer in corridor.

Mr. Burke: "The Seniors have a new dark-colored pupil this morning."

Miss Ayer entering the Senior room finds the new pupil to be a black cat.

### A Narrative

Jack was home from college for the holidays. He had learned many new and large words which his mother did not know.

"Would you like to have me tell you a narrative?" he questioned his mother.

"Why my dear, what do you mean by a narrative?" she asked.

"A narrative is a tale," he replied.

That night as he retired he said, "Mother, shall I exhaust the light?"

"What do you mean?"

"Exhaust means to put out."

After a few days had passed his mother gave a bridge party. In the middle of the afternoon the family dog came into the parlor. "Jack," called his mother, "take the dog by the narrative and exhaust him."

### Dry

Senator Henry F. Ashurst, or Arizona, relates that an Eastern tourist was traveling the Southwest and stopped in a particularly dry section of Arizona.

"This place is the limit," he remarked, addressing a native. "I don't think there is another locality on the face of the earth that is quite so dry. Doesn't it ever rain in this section?"

"Rain!" exclaimed the native. "Say, stranger, we've got bullfrogs round here over eight years old that ain't learned to swim yet."—Ex.

A small boy was scrubbing the front porch of his home the other day when a visitor called.

"Is your mother in?" asked the visitor.

"Do you think I'd be scrubbing the porch if she wasn't?" replied the youngster.—Ex.

### Logical

There was an epidemic of chicken pox in the village, but fortunately little Johnny had kept free from it. One morning, however, he came rushing downstairs excitedly.

"Oh Daddy!" he shouted. "I'm sure I've got chicken pox. I've just found a feather in the bed!"—Ex.

Drill Sergeant (at top of his voice): "When I give the command 'Halt!' you bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless!"—Ex.

### Didn't Want to Die

Jones thought he would try one of those systems of physical development so widely advertised, and sent for a pamphlet. One of the rules on the first page ran as follows:

"After the morning bath take a deep breath, retain it as long as possible, then slowly expire."

He decided not to try the system.—Ex.

An Army mule at one of the can-tonments "went west." The private who had charge of the last rites had to fill out the regulation form, and came across the suggestion, "Disposition of carcass."

After a moment's thought Sammie wrote on the blank line:

"Mean and deceitful."—Ex.

### Acid Test

A Scotsman went to London for a holiday. Walking along the streets he noticed a bald-headed druggist standing at his shop door, and inquired whether he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the druggist; "step inside, please. Here is an article I can recommend. I have testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow within 24 hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' your head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back in the morn' an' see if ye're tellin' the truth."

The druggist returned the bottle to the shelf and kicked the errand boy for laughing.—Ex.

"How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?"

"Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!"—Ex.

### Wonderful Yankees

One who has often visited in the South tells the following story: Two negroes were ambling along the streets of Louisville in the days when electric cars were an innovation, and one of the darkies, on seeing the trolley whiz by, asked his pal:

"How you reckon dat kyar gets along?"

"Why, I'll tell you," answered the more sophisticated negro. "De kyar gets along by dat little wheel dat runs on de wire."

"Well," continued the first darky, lost in wonderment. "Yankees suttinly are de mos' wonderful people I ever see. Dey come down here and set the niggers free an' now they've set the mules free, too!"—Ex.

"Mamma," said a little boy after coming in from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied; "he had one nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on its back feet."—Ex.

### Time Flees

Smith had just bought a new dog, and took Jones to have a look at it. They hung over the stable door and peeped at the puppy, which was twisting round and round in a frantic effort to catch its own tail.

"What sort o' dog do you call that?" asked Jones.

"A watch dog," replied Smith.

"Oh, I see!" remarked Jones. "I suppose he's winding himself up."—Ex.

### Some Rooster!

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself, he asked faintly, "What was it?"

"A foul—only a foul!"

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "A foul? I thought it was a mule."—Ex.

### For the Land's Sake!

Two Tommies went into a restaurant over on the Eastern front and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied, "Sorry sirs, but we can't Servia."

"Well, then, get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard their order and then said, "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania."

So the two Tommies went away Hungary.—Ex.

### Could He Dodge It?

The inspector was visiting a country school. He was asking some of the children questions. After a while he said to a junior class:

"Now I want some of you to ask me a question that I can't answer."

After a few vain attempts a small boy said: "Please, sir, if you were stuck in a pool of mud up to your neck and a brick was thrown at your head, would you duck?"—Ex.

### No, It Wasn't a Clotheshorse

A small boy, taking an examination in American history, handed in the following composition:

"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."—Ex.

### Out of the Mouths of Babes

"Why do you keep staring at my hat, dear?" asked the caller of the hostess' little daughter.

"Well, mother said it was a perfect fright," said the youngster, "an' I was waitin' to see if it would scare me, but it don't."—Ex.

### Heard in Camp

Officer—"Have you mopped that floor yet?"

Private—"No."

Officer—"No, what?"

Private—"No mop."—Ex.

Bootblack—"Shine, sir?"

Ugly gentleman—"No, thanks."

Bootblack—"Shine yer boots so's yer can see yer face in 'em, sir."

Ugly gentleman—"No, thanks."

Bootblack—"Coward."—Ex.

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Mr. Push, of Slackem and Push, of the city, suddenly entering his cashier's office the other day, found one of his clerks steadying a large boot endways on his chin.

"Why aren't you at work?" he growled.

"I am, sir," replied the clerk. "I'm balancing the ledger, sir!"—Ex.

Professor sharply: "Mr. Jones are you presuming to laugh at me?"

Mr. Jones meekly, "No sir."

Prof. "Then pay attention to the subject, I am sure there is nothing else in the room that is funny."

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Lawyer—Are you—er—er—truthful?

Youth—Yes, sir, but I ain't so blamed truthful as ter interfere with your business.—Ex.

Judge—Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence?

Prisoner—Well, all I've got to say is, I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy.—Ex.

Biology Professor, to lazy student—Name a parasite.

Student—Me?

Biology Professor—Yes, but name another one.—Ex.

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#### Blackmail.

Allen Morton: I had my family tree looked up for \$50 the other day.

A. Nelson: I paid \$500 to have mine looked up, then paid \$5000 to have it hushed up.—Ex.

#### Not Suitable.

"Edward, you disobeyed your grandmother when she told you just now not to jump down those stairs."

"Grandma didn't tell us not to, Papa. She only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down those stairs, boys'; and I shouldn't think she would, an old lady like her!"—Ex.

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The Irish drill sergeant was putting a squad of green recruits through the different movements. He gave them "right dress." Try as he would, he couldn't get a straight line. Finally in exasperation, he shouted: "What's the matter wid yes? Can't ye line up? That line is as crooked as a corkscrew. All of yes fall out and take a look at it."  
—Ex.

A gentleman was describing to a lady the compensations of Nature. How in the blind the feeling of touch was very acute; how those who were deaf in one ear often heard very clearly with the other; and how a person blinded in one eye often sees extra well with the sound eye.

"Yes," said the lady, "it is very remarkable, and when I come to think of it, I have always noticed that if a person has a short leg the other is always longer."—Ex.

Willie had almost finished his reading lesson when he came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Willie looked at his classmates and grinned.

"Barque, Willie!" exclaimed the teacher crossly.

Willie, looking up at the teacher, finally cried out: "Bow-wow-wow!"  
—Ex.

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MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

### Understan'?

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can anyone give me another example?"

"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."—Ex.

### A Tragedy.

F—ierce lessons  
L—ate hours  
U—nexpected callers  
N—ot prepared  
K—icked out.—Ex.

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